AN

EPISTLE

To the ſuppoſed AUTHOR of the

Paraphraſtical Hudibraſtick

VERSES,

In the MAGAZINE

With critical NOTES upon the ſame made by the moſt eminent Hands.

Together with

A BURLESQUE upon an IMITATION of and an ANSWER to the ſaid Epiſtle,

In a LETTER

To the ſuppoſed Author of the ſuppoſing Epiſtle,

By the Author of the

[redacted] INSTRUCTED.

OR

Have at you, Blind Harpers.

Vexatus toties raucæ Theſeide Codri? Juv: Sat:
Facundi calices quem non fecere diſertum?
(Horat: Ep:

NOTTINGHAM:
Printed by GEORGE AYSCOUGH, 1740

THE
Epiſtle Dedicatory.

May it pleaſe your WORSHIP,

FOR your unwearied ſearch after not only the Father, but the Grand-father of the *Paraphraſtical Verſification of your Inſtructions* makes me conclude you a Juſtice of Peace; as a late Performance diſcover'd *dictatorial Accompliſhments* in the Author)

I beg leave to inform You, that I never made any Alterations in, or Additions to the *Paraphraſtical Verſification* of the In

Inſtructions after the Publication of The *Inſtructors inſtructed*, nor was privy to thoſe printed in the *Gazetteer*, or *Magazine*. But this your Worſhip has choſen, as the moſt correct Edition, and therefore the beſt able to ſtand under the *Weight* of your Corrections: Corrections, of which I dare ſay, your Worſhip will be very ſick; For I give you my word, that I writ the Inſtructors Inſtructed with no deſign of taking further notice of the abuſive Blundering of your Inſtructions, had you there drop't it. And whatever you may meet with harſh, or ſevere from me, You are wholly toimpute it to this your annexed miſerable Epiſtle.

I am,

May it pleaſe your WORSHIP,

Your WORSHIP's, as is meet,

An INSTRUCTOR.

AN

EPISTLE

To the Supposed Author of the

Paraphrastical Hudibrastick Verses

In the MAGAZINE.

HY Son of ---- Shou'd thy Metre,
Burlesque thy Neighbours of St. Peter;
For some late Strong Instructions sent
To their Trustees in Parliament.
If plain Endeavours wanted Art,
They Spoke the Language of their Heart.

And

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[1] This vacancy, to make it of the same measure with its *Neighbour* of St. *Peter*, is to be fill'd up with some Name of two Syllables, But if it is design'd for a bold Line, such as the 52d. it may require one of 4 or 5.

[2] *thy Neighbours of St. Peter*) an Expression here made use of by a Figure in Rhetorick call'd by some Solecism, by others Nonsence.

[3] *Strong*) referring to the last 2 words of the 47 Line, which see

6 *They*) that is the Endeavours. *Their Heart*) that is, the heart of the Endeavours.

To which Expression tho some object, I cannot see why the Endeavours may not have a heart as well a a mouth; and it would be very hard not to allow so many

The ANSWER *to the* EPISTLE *To the ſuppoſed* AUTHOR *of the Paraphraſtical Hudibraſtick Verſes in The* MAGAZINE.

To one, whoſe Words and Actions tend
Some way or other to no end.

TELL me (for ſure ſome Devil did)
What Imp cou'd put it in thy head
Thus with thy ſenſeleſs heavy Strains
(The very Dregs of muddy Brains)
To give thyſelf, and me ſuch pains?
Why, C---n, ſhou'd'ſt thou with thy Metre
Diſturb the Pariſh of St. Peter?
As if i'th' horrid war engag'd
'Gainſt Common ſenſe, which thou haſt wag'd.
Thy poor Endeavours wanted art;
They neither Language ſpoke, nor Heart:
For which, dull ſcribbler, thouſhalt ſmart.

Plain

And Truth will always bear the Teſt
Againſt Lampoon, poor Rhymes and Jeſt.
What tho' the Work be ſome what Tardy,
'Tis no Excuſe for thee f---l hardy;
The Task is arduous to redreſs
Groſs Ills of Penſion, Bribes and Place.
Why all thoſe Wanton Darts at random
'Gainſt ſuch who draw up, mark, or hand'em
The Meanings upright, ſtill the ſame,
Whether they mark or ſign their Name.
And tho' but Brewers Sons or Bakers
May ſure Addreſs their own Law-makers.

To

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many Endeavours one Heart amongſt them, which, unleſs the ſingular Number is here to be underſtood in a plural ſenſe for the ſake of the Rhyme, is all our Poet deſires.

[14] *hand'em*) *'em* for *them*. It is a doubtful part of Speech; a Pronoun indeed, but whether Relative, as rehearſing a thing ſpoken of before; or Demonſtrative as ſhowing a thing not ſpoken of before is uncertain; if Relative, it means the *Darts*, if Demonſtrative, it means nothing.

(19) *Or elſe*) Theſe two Words are placed here not only to make this Line of the ſame length with moſt of the reſt; but likewiſe, as is very probable, to make the Reader wonder, that there ſhou'd be no Connection between the foregoing and following Propoſitions as theſe generally connecting Particles ſeem to promiſe. This elegant manner of ſurpriſing the Reader into an heart-rejoicing State is one of the ma-

ny

The Anſwer.

Plain truth will always bear the teſt
Againſt Lampoon, poor Rhymes and Jeſt,
As thou'ſt made out from Nonſenſe ſent,
By thee drawn up, to Parliament;
Which, whether true or falſe we ſee,
Is ſneer'd by ev'ry Soul, but thee:
And ſince you own, the Work was tardy,
Why don't you kiſs the Rod, f---l-hardy?
Why tempt again the Scourge, I've made
O'th' Bays you gave to wreath my Head?
You writ ſad Stuff, I prov'd it dull;
Who hence appears to be the Fool?

Thy ever heavy Miſt of Words,
Which ſcarcely light for Owls affords,
This way and that, or no way leaning,
Still blund'ring round about a meaning,
Denies nought, nor affirms, but is
A Maſh of Inconſiſtences.

For once, for thou art now detected,
Be by my kind Advice directed
To prove by Silence, if thou'rt able,
Tho' dull, thou ſtill art corrigible.
Defending what I prov'd in Proſe
Was Nonſenſe, by thy nonſenſe verſe
Is making what was bad, much worſe;
As if one Cap was not enough
To mark thee out to th' world an Auff.

Or else we Delegate a Power
In Nature never known before.
If Freemen may not loud declare
Against a low Pyratick war.
'Tis base to prostitute with scorn
The Native Rights of Brittish Born.
And thus Degenerate for Lucre
From Nonpareil to Plumbtree Sucker.
Or thus become for Hope or Fear
The Mimick Bard of Grin and Sneer
To Rally Church and State Adventure
And in Italicks mark Dissenter.
Laugh at the Royal Proclamation
And puff the Honour of an injur'd Nation

These

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ny Singularities, which distinguish our Author from all the good Prose or Poetical Writers, which have gone before him, and doubtless give him the Preeminence.

[21 22] These two Lines are part of a sentence, having no connection with any thing, that goes before, or that follows: or in other words, they make the former part of an hypothetical Syllogism, the Consequence from which, we may expect in some future Performance. This way of writing is almost peculiar to this Author, and is warranted *cæte citharizandi-Lege.*

[25] *Thus)* That is, in such maner as is most agreeable to the Imagination of the Reader.

[30] *And in Italicks &c.* This Line (as the 21. and 22.) makes part of an Argument, as you may

di-

The Anſwer.

I deck't one ſpruce; You put it on,
Which fitting you, it was your own;
But be, I beg, content with one;
One is as much as is your due,
Others may want as well as You:
But th' Task is arduous to reclaim
One loſt to Common ſenſe, and Shame.

The Meaning upright, 'tis the ſame,
Whether by mark, you ſign, or name
But, pry'thee, take with thee along;
Thy meaning's neither right, nor wrong,
Never, and no where to be found,
Mole like, it puzzles under ground;
And, whether right or wrong, it is
Meer Croſs or Pile, a random Gueſs.
And woud'ſt thou by dull Verſes bribe
The World thy Darkneſs to ſubſcribe?
Or may'ſt thou, was thy meaning good,
(Tho' ſcarcely to be underſtood)
Unſnub'd write nonſenſe, and be rude?
And vent dull Spite againſt Superiors,
Scarce fit to wipe thy own Poſteriors?

I wonder not, thou blam'ſt the Darts
(By which I find thy Worſhip ſmarts)
As if I thoſe directed at,
Who mark'd or ſign'd ---- You ſay not what.

Who ſaid, that Brewers Sons or Baker's
Might not addreſs their own Lawmakers?

 What,

Theſe Arts portend no good Event
To Patriot Friends Conſtituent:
Juſtly we Burgeſſes complain
Of all the numerous Sons of Gain,
And muſt inſiſt with due Reſpects
On means to cure theſe bad Effects
When Humours more corrupt prevail
Then flow from mild Election Ale
The annual Return might fairly
Advance our Trade, the Riſe of Barley;
Whilſt Thou of muckle Fame for Stinking,
Haſt got an Itch but not of Thinking,
And Vainly ſets thy little Wit on
Three famous Cities of Great Brittain
But ends ſlap Daſh as if beſhit on;
Wherefore I thought the Seaſon meet
To ſend you this clean Paper Sheet
Some way or other to ſome End
Might ſerve thy Dirty Style to mend,
Wherefore becauſe or altogether
Thou ſeems to go beyond thy Tether
And would arch-wag Jocoſely paſs
Like Ralph the Droll of Hudibraſs

A

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diſcover by asking this Queſtion at the end of it; *what then?* a proper Answer to which will enable you to compleat the Argument. But a queſtion is looner ask'd than anſwer'd.

The Anſwer

What, tho' I'm not ſo noiſy, I
Than thou more ſteady, ſtill may be
In the fair cauſe of Liberty.
Are You more firm, becauſe You roar?
Or th' Scold more chaſte, who firſt calls whore?

Whatever others might adventure,
I ne'er ſo much as nam'd Diſſenter;
Or had I done it, coud'ſt thou thence
Prove, thou or Manners had'ſt, or ſenſe?
Or wou'd that prove it wrong in me
To laugh at thy ſtupidity?
If not, what's this thy Argument,
But Words, and Noiſe, without Intent?
Which, like the reſt of thy dull Satyr,
Gives but my Pen freſh Subject-matter.
I'm ſure this want of art evinces,
In thee a mighty want of ſenſes.
Whatever Humours may prevail
In thy dull Pate, thou ſure doſt rail,
As drunk with ſomewhat worſe than Ale.
No wonder, ſhou'd thy Paper ſtink;
Thy Pen has got a flux of Ink,
As ſhews the inconſiſtent matter,
Which runs from it, as looſe as water.

Thou O! of mighty fame for drinking,
O! never more pretend to thinking;

Nor

A Rod in piſs thy future Doom
May chance to flogg Poetick Bum,
Unleſs the Man in whom thy Truſt is
Still Rules the Roaſt in ſpight of Juſtice.
Then may'ſt thou Cha: be crown'd with Bays,
Town Laureat Heir to Shelley's Praiſe,
Whoſe Home Spun Verſe was not amiſs
To wipe that Part you'd have us Kiſs.

NOTES

[32] *And puff &c.)* This Line is remarkable for its Length, wherein it exceeds any of the reſt two or three Syllables: but this diſproportion is more than made up for in the beauty, which lies hid in the word puff; the meaning of which I know not.

(37) *with due reſpects)* that is *arduouſly*, in Latin *requirendo*,

(42) *Trade the riſe of Barley)* meaning, Trade being the riſe of Barley.

(43) *Stinking)* Rhythmi gratia.

[44] The Poet in this line ſhews how accurate he is in his compoſitions; for what elſe cou'd put him upon cautioning the world not to underſtand him to mean an *Itch of thinking*? For this is certainly ſuch an Itch as few wou'd ſuſpect, and I believe was never before hear'd of.

[45] *Sets)* Sets an abbreviation of ſetteth: the Nominative caſe to which, by asking this queſtion; *who*? or *what*? we find to be *thou*. that is, *thou ſetteth* [illegible] of like beauty are the expreſſions *thou ends* or *endeth*, and *thou ſeems* or *ſeemeth*, Lines the 47 and 53 of this Ep.

This manner of expreſſion is call'd *Diſcordia*, an Elegance, wherein our Author paricularly ſhines, and it

The Anſwer

Nor henceforth paper Sheets Profane
With th' filthy Snivel of thy Brain ;
Leſt with my little Wit I hit on
With double t thy ſpelling Britain
But ſince I ſee, thou know'ſt not whither,
Thou'rt rambling far beyond thy Tether;
Comfort thyſelf, thou ne'er ſhalt paſs
For Ralph, the Droll of Hudibraſs.

Thou can'ſt not think, I dread thy ſpite;
Thy mumbling Muſe, I know, can't bite ;
Nor need I fear the threatned Doom,
The flogging my poetick Bum ;
Unleſs thy weight, moſt pond'rous Juſtice,
Shou'd ſink the Cauſe, wherein my truſt is ;
And unleſs Nonſenſe ſhou'd prevail
O'er Common ſenſe, it cannot fail.
Happy, thrice happy woud'ſt thou be,
Cou'd this thy heavy Offspring die ;
Shortliv'd by nature, on my back
I keep it living on the Rack.
Scare-crow to Scribblers vile, and thy
Reproach, and Shame, and Miſery.

Learn to write engliſh, D---ce, and then
You may e'en try t'inſtruct again
But if henceforth in ſpite of Grace
Thou ever dar'ſt to touch the Bays ;

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it is reckon'd by a man of *great* Learning and *Figure* amongſt *The native Rights of Britiſh born* and therefore we are not to give heed to thoſe dull Rogues the Grammarians who ſay, that *A Verb perſonal agreeth with his Nominative caſe in Number and Perſon.* For if they were to rule the Roaſt, there wou'd be ſtrange flogging of Bums.

Which wou'd portend no good Event,
To Patriot Friend Conſtituent.

(57) *Poetick Bum)* The Bum is that Part of an human body, [illegible]; and the Epithet *poetick* is join'd to it here to intimate, that the Author of the Paraphraſtical Verſification was a Poet from one end to the other; or a thorough Po-Poet; or a Poet at the Bottom.

FINIS

[illegible] *which is ſaid to make* Buttons;

The Anſwer.

Tho' Juſtice might daſh out thy Brains,
Hear what thy milder Fate ordains.
The Stuffing, ſince thy head's ſo dull,
Muſt be ſcoop't clean from out thy Scull,
And wiſer Geeſe ſhall ſhit it full.

FINIS.

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